

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS, &c.

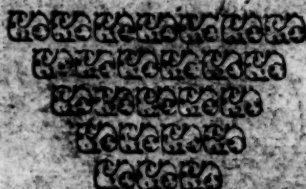
FOR and AGAINST

*Dr.* Sacheverell.

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The Second PART.

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L O N D O N,

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS, &c.

*The Seven Extinguishers.*

THE *Calve's-Head Brawny C*—— leads the Van,  
Descended from a *Cameronian Clan*;  
Out of whose lowest Dregs he basely sprung,  
Gifted with all the *Frauds of Heart and Tongue* ;  
And sworn, like Infant *Hannibal*, to bear  
Eternal Hatred to the *Roman Chair* ;  
As he, in Life's most inauspicious Dawn,  
Renounc'd the *M*——, and abjur'd the *L*—— ;  
Tho' some Years since, the *M*—— broke his Oath,  
And lives a *Burning Se*——l to 'em both.  
If those the worst of Characters deserve,  
That from the sacred Office meanly swerve,  
And to the best of Churches give Offence,  
*False* to their God, their Master, and their Prince.

A *Quack-Divine* this motly *P*—— succeeds,  
That more of *Galen*, than the *Bible*, reads ;  
That *Herbs and Plants*, instead of *Texts*, pursues,  
A *Gossip* for *Prescriptions*, and for *News* ;

As *he*, from House to House, for *Patients* strols,  
 And kills their Bodies, who should save their Souls;  
 While *he* the Tide of Contradiction stems,  
 By preaching up the *Doctrines* he condemns;  
 And for a *new Translation* in his Eye,  
 Takes part with such as *Gospel-Truths* decry.

Room for a *Third*, who *Nature's Law* has taught,  
 And Orthodox Opinions held and wrote;  
 Tho' against *Nature* now we see him err,  
 By choosing Schemes *Republicans* prefer;  
 Which *Disobedience* to their Princes teach,  
 And those that urge Allegiance home, *impeach*.  
 Oh! let not our Disgrace in *Gath* be told,  
 Nor *Askalon* its dire Remembrance hold;  
 From *Gallick* Ears, th' important Truth detain,  
 And far be our Ingratitude from *Spain*;  
 Lest *Philistines* (triumphant in our Shame)  
 Laugh at our *Factions*, and our *Feuds* proclaim;  
 Lest *Britain's* Foe deride our civil Broils,  
 And Joy to see us caught in one another's Toils!  
 As *he* votes for *Resistance* to the Queen,  
 To side with the *Affertions* of his D——n;  
 Who even *Royal Murder* dares applaud,  
 If *Kings* will not be by their *Subjects* aw'd:  
 A P——st that has to Fr——n's Stall a Right;  
 Tho' C——'s no *Successor* for *White*.

Like *him*, the *Fourth Eusebia's* Cause forsakes,  
 And Speeches in Defence of *Calvin* makes;  
 A two Face P——, whose erected Look,  
 Might well become the *Crozier* and the *Crook*,  
 Had *he* not lately in Defence arose  
 Of *Tenets*, which the *Hierarchy* oppose,  
 And made fam'd *Alma Mater* blush to own  
 That she had such a *Father* of a *Son*;  
 Faithless, when *Int'rest* bids him shift the Scene,  
 And just as good a B—— as a D——n.

The *Fifth*, with sanctimonious Visage, draws  
 Plans, to uphold the Breach of ancient Laws;

Whole



Whole Volumes against *Att—ry* writes;  
 Just so the Serpent, when the File she Bites,  
 And, as she bleeds herself, in t'other's Blood delights!  
 Strange Madness! in some *Writings* to maintain,  
 That a late King *unlimited* should reign;  
 Should have no *Convocation* for his Guide,  
 But set its Meeting and its Use aside;  
 Whene'er that *Favo'rite Monarch* thought it fit,  
*Religion* to *State-Reasons* should submit;  
 And to lay down in *others*, that a Prince  
 Should not be *absolute* in any Sense,  
 As *he* admits the *People* to resist,  
 And Subjects to commit what Subjects list;  
 Even when a rightful Princess fills the Throne  
 By God's (and not the *People's*) Voice, her own;  
 And does such Wonders for her Kingdoms sake;  
 Sure he must be asleep, and not awake!

The *Sixth* demurely tells the M——d B——,  
*He's neither fam'd for Merit or for Sense*;  
 Yet he must hold, and own it on occasion,  
 That he that speaks against the *Toleration*,  
 Acts most *intolerably* by the Nation.  
 For how should such as *he*, for *Truth*, assert,  
 That Subjects from their Duty may depart?  
 May with *coercive Power* the *Throne* environ,  
 And rule their lawful King with Rods of Iron?  
 If Men should other Arguments esponse,  
 And he not speak his Mind in S—— House!  
*Tis true*, the *first Assertion* we admit,  
 And own the P—— void of *Worth* and *Wit*,  
 Hold with him, that he's for a B——k unfit;  
 But must remind him with as grave an Air,  
 Such Doctrines ill become the sacred Ch——r,  
 Lest what some *Revolutions* bring about,  
 Should turn an undeserving B—— out,  
 And People may be giv'n to understand,  
 That he not taught, but learnt from S——.

The *Sew'ntb*, by far more modest than the rest,  
 Has kept his Arguments within his Breast;  
 Not vented 'em thro' Country, and thro' Town,  
 To shame the *Clergy*, and disgrace the *Gown* :  
 As *be* St. *Austin's* Precepts has observ'd,  
 Not to make others swerve from *Truths* he swerv'd;  
 Not, but that his Voice has equally been giv'n,  
 To oppose and contradict the Voice of Heav'n;  
 And run down *Maxims* uncontested long,  
 That *Princes* cannot err, or *Kings* do wrong :  
 As *be* with others, too observant, joins  
 To bring about *Republican* Designs ;  
 And *Pur-blind*, in his Country's Cause forbears  
 To see thro' their Pretensions and their Snares,  
 As in the C——'s Fall, *his* Fall must follow hers. }

Oh ! whither is the Church's Genius fled,  
 That reign'd when *Sanctus* rul'd it as its Head !  
 When *Ken*, like *Moses*, to God's Will resign'd,  
 Kept it unshaken by the *Waves* and *Wind* !  
 When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* strove,  
 Who should the most display paternal Love ;  
 And by a steadfast Honesty, declare  
 Their spotless Duty, and unweari'd Care !  
 Alas ! its Beams are lost in endless Night,  
 And *Faction's* baleful Damps extinguish *Gospel-Light* !

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*A Receipt to dress a Parson after the newest  
 Fashion ; said to be laid under Sir P—K—'s  
 Plate at a publick Entertainment, instead of a  
 Bill of Fare.*

**W**hen you have a fat Parson that's fleshy and new,  
 For plain commom Stomachs, bare \* *Roast-*  
 (ing will do

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\* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.*

But then for the Palate of some squeamish Members,  
 You must griddle or † *broil* him on Juniper Embers ;  
 And in order to make it more easily to pass,  
 You must cut him and slash him first at the ‖ *Cart's*  
 (*Arse.*)

If any one still is more curiously fed,  
 The Height of the Mode is to \* *boil him in Lead* ;  
 And if you'll have ev'ry Thing answer Desire,  
 With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.  
 When thus you have done, and are ready to sup,  
 With Sippets of Whigs you must strait dish him up :  
 But still, after all your Care in the Dressing,  
 Be sure get a Pair of L—n-Sleeves to crave Blessing ;  
 And when you have done, without finding Fault,  
 Eat him up piping hot with Pepper or Salt ;  
 If he doth not set easy, without any Question,  
 A Dram of † *Geneva* may help the Digestion.  
*Nota bene*, however, that when he is slic'd,  
 And salten, and beaten, and pepper'd, and spic'd,  
 As the wiser *Italians* of Cucumbers say,  
 You had best, after all, to throw him away ;  
 For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain Occasion,  
 By most of the Can——ls of the whole Nation,  
 Dress him never so long, to make him the more fit,  
 He'll ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit ;  
 For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,  
 Before he's digested, 'tis thought, he will choak 'em.

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† *Sir Stephen Le——d's Sayings.*

‖ *Mr. Buf——n's Saying.*

\* *A Devonshire Whig's Saying.*

† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in Flanders drink, instead of Brandy.*

*A Copy of Verses, written in a Common-Prayer-Book, presented to a Lady in 1644. upon her building a Closet for her Books.*

Since it has lately pleas'd our new-born State,  
 The Common-Prayer-Book t' excommunicate,  
 To turn it out of all, as if it were  
 Some grand *Malignant*, or some *Cavalier*;  
 Since in our Churches 'tis by them forbid  
 To say such *Pray'r's* as our *Fore-fathers* did,  
 So that *God's House* must now be call'd no more  
 The *House of Pray'r*, tho' e'er so call'd before;  
 As if these *Christians* were resolv'd to use  
 That *House* for *Merchandize*, or *publick Stews*,  
 Worse than their *Ancestors* the *stiff-neck'd Jews*.  
 Since that of *Pray'r's* of *Christ* may now be said,  
 It wants a *Place* whereon to lay its *Head*;  
 I can't but choose t' admire your pious *Care*  
 To build your *Closet* for distressed *Pray'r*;  
 Which here in mourning *Clad*, presents it self,  
 Begging some little *Corner* on your *Shelf*;  
 For since 'tis banish'd from all *publick View*,  
 There's none dare entertain't but such as you.  
 How *Times* and *Men* are chang'd! Who would  
 (have thought  
 To've seen our *Service-Book* thus set at nought?  
 A *Book* worth *Gold*, if rightly understood,  
 Compos'd by *Martyrs*, sealed with their *Blood*;  
 Once burnt by *Papists*, for no other Cause,  
 But that it was repugnant to their *Laws*;  
 Now by the *Zealots* 'tis condemn'd to die,  
 Because, forsooth, they think it *Popery*.  
 Thus then we see the *Golden Mean* despis'd,  
 And how 'twixt *Thieves*, like *Christ*, 'tis crucify'd:  
 Yet cease to wonder, we see stranger Things,  
*Kings* are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects Kings*.



The meanest Sort, alas! usurp their Pow'r,  
 And th' *Upper House* is now beneath the *Low'r*;  
 The Head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*;  
 And thus we see the World turn'd upside down;  
 Now Learning does give Place to Ignorance,  
 And Statute-Laws to each wild Ordinance,  
 Religion to prophane, Rites, Vain-glory,  
 The Common-Pray'r-Book to a Directory.  
 No Man dares preach against Rebellion now;  
 Nor can we pray as we were wont to do.  
 All Things are in Disorder, and I fear  
 Are like to be, 'till we be as we were;  
 'Till *Kings* be *Kings* once more, and 'till we see  
 The Church enjoy her ancient Liberty;  
 'Till Bishops do return to end this Stir,  
 Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Presbyter*;  
 'Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,  
 And 'till Rebellion have its just Reward.  
 And that these Times shall come, we'll not despair;  
 For this and more may be obtain'd by Pray'r.

*A Copy of Verses in Answer to N. F. G. Gent.*

*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

**Y**E *Vicars*, and *Cowles*, and *Lecturers* all,  
 Make Haste, and repair unto *Westminster-hall*;  
 For there you may hear, ev'ry one if you will,  
 No Tryal at Bar, but a Tryal of Skill;  
 For Low-Church and High,  
 Their Strength are to try,  
 Where Queen, Lords, and Commons are all to be by.  
 O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'tis all long of thee;  
 Thoud'st better be hang'd upon the tripple Tree.  
 For 'Chev'rell of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,  
 For which he now stands by the Commons impeach'd,

'Cause it was suspected his Sermon was meant  
Against our good Queen, and her good Government;  
Which if it appears

Before our wise Peers,

'Tis thought he can scarcely escape with his Ears.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

It now may be found, that some Notions and Words

May pass the Lord's House, but not the House of Lords,

Your Priest-riding Doctrine is quite out of Date,

'Tho' early you learnt it, you teach it too late;

And mark what I cry,

Ye Church-men that fly,

The lower you fall, still the more you'll mount high.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,

Which shows us some Men are much frailer than some;

His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal cast,

But then, what a Sentence d'ye think they have pass'd?

For strangely inclin'd

To condemn, yet be kind,

Their Punishment's lame, as their Justice is blind.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

His Cure is turn'd *Sine Cure* for his Offence,

With nothing to do but to pick up the good Pence;

Wherefore, 'tis believ'd, when he preaches next,

He'll take special Care not to alter his Text.

'Tho' in Perils was he,

As much as might be,

Yet by some false Brethren he quite was set free.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

Ye *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,

May go back again now from *Westminster-hall*,

Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,

No Danger shall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal;

For

For far from discarded,  
 You shall be rewarded.  
 And God knows by whom, be at length much regarded.  
 O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,  
 If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

*A late Dialogue between Dr. Burgess, and Daniel d'Foe, in a Cyder-Cellar near Billingsgate, concerning the Times.*

**Q**UOTH *Daniel* the Doctor, to *Daniel d'Foe*,  
 I pray, Brother, tell me how Matters do go,  
 And which gets the better, the High or the Low? }

*Dan.* In Troth I can't tell, but fearfully doubt  
 The Devil will have it, we all must turn out;  
 One Friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,  
 And the fatal *Remove* may help to undo us..

*Dr.* Avert it, good Heaven, for what will become  
 If the Heads of our Party be brought to the Summons?  
 If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching,

*Dan.* Then farewell short Cloaks, and extempore  
 (Preaching;  
 Thy Neck and mine, — *Dr.* must come to the Stretch,  
 And for opposing of *Jack*, *Dan.* be punish'd by *Katch*.  
 No more *Calves-head-Clubs* shall meet at the *Proffor's*,  
 No more *Sequestration*, nor *roasting* of Doctors.

I confess 'twas a very untowardly Hit,  
 That twenty such \* *Cooks* should be beat with the Spit.

*Dr.* Well, let's not despair, I'll preach. *Dan.* And  
 (I'll write,

But the Devil a Jot will they edify by't;  
 For all I can say, their Reason controuls  
 No more, than your *preaching* does Good to their Souls.

Addresſes run on in ſuch *high-flying Fits*,  
That at laſt they have run themſelves out of their

Hereditary Right to uphold and diſpute,  
Which I have let 'em to prove, but find they can't do't.  
Prerogative Royal they reſolve to ſupport,  
And want a new Houſe to make a new Court.

Now who, in their Senſes, can tell what they mean,  
But to ruin the Nation, and banter the Queen?  
*Republican Principles* all do renounce,  
And ſo— *Dr.* the old *Cauſe* — *Dan.* is blaſted at once.

*Dr.* How are we in Number? *Dan.* That's hard  
(to be told;

The Champions that ſtood it ſo brave, and ſo bold,  
Their *Spirits* are ſunk, and their *Zeal* is grown cold.

*Dr.* I fear the late Tryal, — *Dan.* has ruin'd  
(us quite,

The Doctor's *Came-off* was a damnable Bite.

*Dr.* Had he been hang'd, *Dor.* then all had  
(right.)

*Dr.* Pray what do they ſay o' th' *Occaſional Bill*?  
Will't come on again? *Dan.* 'Tis doubted it will.

*Dr.* Why then we're undone, — But ſure our good  
(Queen

By no ill Advice can be ſo overſeen,

T' oppreſs tender Conſciences; for that's perſecuting

The Saints of the Lord, beyond all diſputing;

If a holy Brother, of any Perſuaſion,

Can't ſtretch his Conſcience to ſerve an *Occaſion*,

Nor obtain of her *Majeſty* ſuch a ſmall *Grace*

As the damning his Soul, to get him a Place.

*Dan.* You ſay very right, for 'tis an evil Intent

To force us to *Heaven* againſt our Conſent,

And if the broad Way we had rather purſue,

Why ſhould the Devil be wrong'd of his *Dan*?

Come, here's a good Health to all of our Party,

The *Biſhops*, and others. *Dr.* I thank ye moſt heartily.

*Dan.*



Day. Let the rest take their Swing, as Time shall  
(allot 'em,  
And ev'ry Tub stand on its own Bottom.

*A Ballad on the Junto.*

*To the Tune of Lilly Bullero.*

NOW Britains mourn,  
Your Liberty torn,  
Now ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ the Trickster grave ~~S\_\_\_\_\_~~ has won,  
To assist a Great ~~D\_\_\_\_\_~~ is,  
Some believe that a Witch is,  
To govern three Realms with Arms and Advices  
Of Volpone, Volpone, Ch\_\_\_\_\_l, and O\_\_\_\_\_,  
L\_\_\_\_\_, H\_\_\_\_\_, W\_\_\_\_\_, and S\_\_\_\_\_,  
Volpone, Volpone, &c.  
Tho' by the Q\_\_\_\_n she was rais'd  
Of Honour, tho' once but a Maid,  
Yet she basely her Mistress and Church has betray'd  
For which I don't fear  
To see her hoist in the Air,  
With a Curse in her Mouth, instead of a Pray'r.  
Oh! Volpone, Volpone, &c.  
C\_\_\_\_\_ry his Grace,  
With dull Wit in his Face,  
Must certainly have amongst them a Place,  
Or Low-flying Church  
Will be left in the Lurch,  
By such damn'd Protectors of Puritan Race  
As Volpone, Volpone, &c.  
The T\_\_\_\_\_r then  
Money must send  
To Great \_\_\_\_\_ our Towns to defend,  
Instead of fighting the French,  
Our Men lie in a Trench,  
And

And who but Great ——— that scrapes up the Pence,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 While the Juntilio-Board,  
 With the true loyal Lords,  
 Will now be impeach'd, and hang'd up with Cords,  
 For daring to oppose  
 The Q——'s real Foes,  
 Who then uncontroul'd may sell or depose,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 I'd like to have forgot  
 The Mob of the Plor,  
 Lady Will. leud H———t, and S———f—ld the Scot;  
 Are not these able Pates,  
 Having sold once a State,  
 To think to controul of three Realms the Fate,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 Perkin ne'er will despair,  
 If *France* Money can spare,  
 'Till against all these Vipers our Q—— will declare.  
 Then *Lewis le Grand*  
 Will be put to a Stand,  
 To find such Tools and Knaves all over the Land,  
 As *Volpone, L——on, S———, and D———r,*  
*S———f—ld, S———d, W———n, and H———d.*

*The Ghost's Admonition to the M———g———*

**B**Ehold, we are come from gloomy Shades below  
 To visit you, and for to let you know  
 The sad Disasters we have undergone,  
 Since last we parted at the rising Sun.  
 'Twas there, you know, we undertook the Thing  
 To make *Cahalia* once above the Q——  
 The Church we doubted not to ruin too.  
 But that, it seems, does overcome its Foe;  
 And, I'm afraid, 'twill ruin you also.

Repent,

Repent, I say, before it is too late,  
 Least Vengeance overtake you in the State:  
 'Tis not your being Great, or Chief, will do,  
 If Death but summons, you must also go,  
 And leave behind you all your greatest Glory:  
 Repent in time, I say, it is best for ye.  
 There's many more are waiting, I do say,  
 For Honours great, so pompous and so gay;  
 But let me tell 'em, when they have got all,  
 Glory nor Riches will save you from a Fall;  
 Remember us, I'm sure it is not long  
 Since we were courted by the Wh—sh Throng,  
 But now, 'tis true, the Dead we are among. }  
 The Almighty's Hand is visible, 'tis clear,  
 Upon two Roasters and two M—g—rs;  
 Who would have thought such jolly Men as we,  
 Should die so soon? you see 'tis Heaven's Decree  
 Must be obey'd; and what is also true,  
 You all must follow in a Day or two;  
 Avoid those Torments we do undergo,  
 We are not roasted without basting too:  
 Fire enough we cannot want, while here,  
 And Cups of Sulphur is our noblest Chear;  
 No dainty Pullets crammed are with Gold,  
 Nor Lap-Trunks, which do many Guineas hold;  
 You won't find here, as you have done above;  
 All such Temptations from us are remov'd;  
 And what does plague us, is *Sacheverell*,  
 The Thoughts of him torments our Souls in H—ll;  
 Oh! that we had but overcome that Foe,  
 We could endure our Torments Top to Toe,  
 But lack of this, it plagues us to the Soul,  
 While we in Flames of burning Brimstone roul.  
 All this is nothing we would undergo,  
 Salting, Pickling, Baking, and Roasting too, }  
 If once the Wh—s could overcome this Foe.  
 We are toss'd and tumbl'd up and down again,  
 And down and up, we sigh, alas! in vain.

Surely

Surely by this you will avoid our Fate;  
 All we can't tell, repent ere't be too late;  
 May you escape, and eternally be free  
 From all such Plagues and endless Misery;  
 But hark, methinks we hear our Sentinel  
 Patrouling round our Stegion Lake of H—II;  
 If he should take us, we are all undone,  
 He may invent new Torments for each one;  
 Let us with-draw, we must retire in haste,  
 Farewel, dear Friends, no Minutes lose or waste.  
 Thus down into our gloomy Orb we go,  
 Behold what we have got by ruining a Foe,  
 Eternal Misery, and *endless Woe*.

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*A Litany for the Fast.*

**F**ROM Merit unweildy, and overgrown Worth  
 From such Honours and Loyalty, Faith, and *forth*  
 As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the fourth,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From Duty that is such a Rarity thought,  
 That while Honour and Conscience, not worth a  
 (Great  
 This at the Price of a House and Crown-Lands must  
 (be bought,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From who keeps the vacant Commissions six Months,  
 Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers, and Seconds;  
 And oh! terrible thus is an Army at once,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From a Peace to be manag'd by such Plenipo's  
 As thereby forty thousand *per Annam* must lose,  
 And who has no Passion for Money, God knows,  
*Libera nos, &c.*



From the Cause of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd ;  
 From Malice and Faction, Pride, Envy, and Fraud ;  
 From a Cloven-Foot veil'd with a Petticoat-Lord,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,  
 Who a Nation does with their own Money enslave,  
 And has damn'd more than thou in thy Justice can

(save,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From tremendous Cabals, that do fatally rise ;  
 From enlightning Custard and hot Mutton-Pyes,  
 To bubble the State, and bully the Skies,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From such Civil Law as insults Holy Writ ;  
 From the Number where Faction contracted does sit,  
 Into five ; that's two Fools, two Knaves, and a Wit,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a People too good to be told of their Faults ;  
 From an H—d of a City, whose Word goes for nought,  
 Who'll endeavour to save St. Paul's work, 'tis thought,

*Libera nos, &c.*

### *A Tale of a Tarr.*

#### *A New Ballad.*

**A** Tight and trim Vessel  
 As ever ye knew,  
 Was mann'd Stern and Stern  
 With a trusty stout Crew ;  
 The Captain was held  
 By his Lads in Esteem ;  
 And he, honest Man,  
 Was as tender of them.

3. No fatal Mistrustings

Aboard 'em prevail'd;

In Concord they anchor'd,

In Concord they sail'd:

4. Till a turbulent Tarr,

As at Yard-arm need hang,

In Ill-will to the Captain,

Dumbfounded the Gang:

5. Suggesting from Round-top,

With Nonsense and Anger,

That, beset by false Friends,

The Ship was in Danger.

6. Tho' but few Days before,

On Deck they'd been told,

The next Tool who said so,

Should be surely Keel-haul'd.

7. Now, the Cause ye must know

Of all this loud Pudder,

Was to work in some Folks

To Posts at the Rudder;

8. Who might, by that Means,

Their whole Aim being for't,

More insensibly tack

To the Enemy's Port;

9. Where lurks a Pretender,

Prepar'd to their Hand,

To toss o'er-board the Captain,

And seize the Command.

10. So that true-hearted Sailors

Should be the more ready,

By a careful look-out,  
To keep Matters steady.

This Delinquent o' course then  
Was brought to the Mast,  
To fix, or wipe off  
All the Dirt he had cast:

Where, with confident Look,  
To save his dear Bacon,  
He call'd God to witness  
They all were mistaken;

That the false Friends he meant,  
Either 'fore Ship or aft,  
Were the Winds and the Waves;  
And then saucily laugh'd.

This Jesuit Banter  
Amusing the Crew,  
In the Captain's own Face  
They with Mutiny flew:

Joining Tar's Health, and his,  
In their scandalous Flip,  
And firing Broad-sides  
Around the poor Ship.

Unmerited Grace,  
Tho' condemn'd, he thus had;  
The few Wise shook their Heads,  
More Blockheads huzza'd.

On the Sentence passed by the House of Lords,  
on Dr. Sacheverell.

**H**Ail, pious Days! thou most propitious Time,  
When hated Moderation was a Crime;  
When sniv'ling Saints were cropt for Look of Grace,  
And branded for a Conventicle Face,  
Whole Floods of Gore distam'd the guilty Years,  
Noses ragou'd, and Fricafles of Bars,  
When rampant *Law* the Church's Thunder threw,  
His sacred Fury no Distinction knew:  
The People suffer'd, and the Priesthood too.

But now behold the bright, invested Scene,  
Mercy returns in a forgiving Queen;  
Her Senate's Anger burns in milder Fires,  
Proud of that Clemency which she inspires.  
Calmly they try their Enemy's profit,  
And tho' they damn the Doctrine, save the Priest;  
On the deluded Tool look mildly down,  
And spare the factious Pedant for the Gown.  
So when in sullen State, by Peasants bound,  
The gen'rous Lyon walks his thoughtful Round;  
Should some small Cur his Privacy invade,  
And cross the Circle which his Paws had made;  
Fir'd with Disdain, he hurls his Eyes below,  
But loath to grapple with so mean a foe;  
Bestrides him, shiv'ring with inglorious Fear,  
And pisses on the Watch he comes to tear.



## On the high-flying Addressers.

Nunquam sera est, &amp;c.

'Tis never too late to grow wiser.

**Y**OU Tories now no longer Conscience plead,  
Your vile Addressing stands much more in need  
Of Pardon from that Pow'r y' abhor and dread.

'Tis 'gainst the Whigs you bend your flagrant Spight,  
Your *Fus divin'*, hereditary Right;  
For the Devil you mean the Heir Succession by't.

Yet to the Queen of Non-Resistance boast,  
But what by trusting to't her Father lost,  
He knew to your Shame, and dearly to his Cost.

And could you once (which Heaven grant ne'er may be)  
But on the Throne your dear Pretender see,  
How would you tack about your Loyalty?

You'd then huzza him as true Heir by Blood,  
In all Addressers swear you understood  
Him only, and not Amis, — by all that's good.

This has been Trichler's and Sackrell's Aim,  
To hallow the Mob to play their trait'rous Game;  
And if it not succeeds, —  
To hang for those who most deserve that Shame.

Good

*Good Advice, if rightly taken.**A Ballad.*

**W**HAT strange *Confus'on* at this Time  
 Throughout the *Realm* is seen,  
 And spread about in *Prose and Rhime*,  
 God save our gracious *Queen*,  
 And send that we may once agree,  
 Before it be too late,  
 Lest it do bring in *Jeopardy*  
 The *Church*, as well as *State*!  
 Good People all therefore take Care,  
 From *Heats and Malice* cease;  
 And do not, by domestick War,  
 Obstruct the wish'd for *Peace*.  
 But if ye'd have the common *Foe*  
 All *Europe* to enthral,  
 Go madly on, as now ye do,  
 And help the faithless *Gaul*.  
 For though our Troops break through *French Lines*,  
 And oft their Armies beat,  
 If we cease not our *Strife* betimes,  
 We shall our selves defeat.  
 For who can empty *Notions* frame,  
 That he will tamely stand,  
 And not play out that *winning Game*  
 We deal into his Hand.  
 If ever happy Days ye'd see,  
 And *Liberty* enjoy,  
 Unite against the *Enemy*,  
 And don't your selves destroy  
 By *in-bred Fars*, under Pretence  
 The *Church* is fore oppress'd,  
 Since ev'ry Man of common Sense  
 Knows that is but a *Jest*.

What is't can hurt the *Church*, I trow,

When she has such a Head

As pious *Anna*, who, we know,

Was in her *Bosom* bred,

And will support those *lawful Rights*

Which to her appertain,

In spite of all those *restless Wights*,

Who'd cramp her happy *Reign*.

*Seasonable Advice:*

**B** *Ritons*, take Care, before it be too late,

The *Torrent* stop which may o'erwhelm the *States*;

For tho' the aspiring *Gaul* is now brought low,

You may, by *home-bred Fars*, your selves undo.

*Annals* do tell the Pow'r of ancient *Rome*,

And *Victories* by those of *Carthage* won;

Yet did *domestick Feuds* the last expose

To conqu'ring *Rome*, and *Rome* herself to *Foes*.

Beware then, *Alb'on*, once, at least, be wise,

Prevent, in Time, those *Ills* which must arise

From most unnat'ral *Strife* and *Jealousies*.

When *Sands* or *Shelves* to *Pilots* do appear,

They from the *Danger* do their *Vessels* steer;

And who's so blind, that cannot plainly see

Those *Rocks* to shun, which threaten *Liberty*?

It is not yet full two and twenty Years,

Since *courted Revolution* calm'd your *Fears*;

And can ungrateful *Men* so soon despise

The Cause from whence their *Welfare* did arise?

The

*The Whigs Idol:*

O R,

*The new-fashion'd Loyalty.*

**W**HEN cruel Nero over Rome bore Sway,  
 To him the Christians did Obedience pay;  
 Tho' he was cruel, yet they did all choose  
 Their Goods, their Lives, whate'er they had to lose,  
 Rather than lift their Hands against the King,  
 Or to his Foes the least Assistance bring.  
 They knew the Gospel gave a strict Command  
 'Gainst God's Anointed not to lift a Hand:  
 Had not the Lord commanded it, 'tis plain,  
 They'd not have tamely seen their Fellows slain:  
 Had they rais'd Arms, so numerous were they grown,  
 They could the Tyrant with great Ease dethrone;  
 Yet they chose rather to be brave and good,  
 And seal their Saviour's Doctrine with their Blood:  
 But Liberty and Property's now grown  
 The only Darling of the Town,  
 And under this Pretence, they dare rebel,  
 If Kings in their Opinion rule not well;  
 For they to him did give the ruling Place,  
 He's no King by God's, but by the People's Grace:  
 Thus, tho' a King by Birth comes to his Throne,  
 Yet they pretend 'tis they that give the Crown,  
 And think Obedience due to them alone.  
 The loyal Man was once accounted brave,  
 But now he's call'd a false perfidious Knave.  
 Now to be brave one must a Rebel be,  
 And throw aside neglected Loyalty.  
 Would you Preferment gain in C—h and S—e,  
 Use Pen and Tongue 'gainst both to write and prate  
 For Loyalty is now become a Crime,  
 He's a Time-server does not serve the Time:

Christ



Christ's Doctrines now are wholly set at nought,  
 And, in their Room, Man's vicious Fancies taught,  
 They cry, *St. Paul* did never understand  
 The Constitution of the *British* Land;  
 As if the Gospel-Precept must give Way,  
 And Truth divine must human Laws obey.  
 At this Rate, in few Years we then should find  
 The Bible made to speak each Rebel's Mind;  
 Like an old Suit, which has some Time been wore,  
 The Scriptures we should see turn'd out of Door,  
 And this Religion be, that was a Crime before.

*Horatii Epodon Septimum, Imitated.*

WHAT Madness, *Country-men*, inspires?  
 What means this Enthusiastick Heat  
 With Wine-Off-rings, as if some God  
 Approach'd, a hot-brain'd Priest to meet?  
 Are you resolv'd to encrease our Fewds,  
 And add new Mischiefs to the past?  
 Perhaps your Fingers itch again  
 To lay more *Meeting-Houses* waste.  
 What, is the bloody Time forgot;  
 When *Smithfield* flow'd with *English* Blood?  
 Or would you, ——— savage as you are,  
 Rejoyce to see a second Flood?  
 Against the proud *Pretender* arm,  
 And all his num'rous Friends engage;  
 On those who own not *Anna's* Pow'r,  
 Vent all your Malice and your Rage.  
 'Tis they who would rejoyce to see  
 Such civil Broils and Discords rise;  
 Mind not their smooth prevailing Words,  
 Under the Grass the *Serpent* lies.  
 The *Tyger*, nor the cruel *Bear*,  
 Nor *Lyon*, on his Kind does prey;

D

For

For Shame then, *Country-men*, forbear,  
 To act more savagely than *they*.  
 Is it true Zeal, religious Heat,  
 And Love to your *great Idol*, S?  
 Or is it *Lewis* in Disguise,  
 Who is the cursed Cause of this?  
 Asham'd, you all hang down your Heads,  
 With Guilt you all astonish'd stand;  
 Oh! that such Weeds were rooted out,  
 And banish'd from our native Land.  
 Then would all Discord cease, and Union smile,  
 And Peace and Plenty bless our *British Isle*.

*The Wolf stript of his Shepherd's Clothing, ad-  
 dress'd to Dr. Sacheverell.*

*By a Salopian Gentleman.*

OF all the jolly Sights the Town has shown  
 Of foreign Apes and Drolls, or of her own,  
 Of filter'd Bullies, or of hatless Beaus,  
 With all the Civet Train of Furbelows,  
 Of patch'd up Madams, or of worn out Bawds,  
 Or consecrated Pillories of *Lauds*,  
 Unjointed Vaulters, Kick-shaws, Jack-a-lents,  
 Produc'd in Streets, in Taverns, or in Tents,  
 There's none admir'd in all the loyal List,  
 As is the butter'd, or the non-resisting Priest.  
 A Shepherd, he, until he understood  
 The only fatt'ning Food was Flesh and Blood.  
 By these the Wolf to mighty Bulk encreas'd,  
 And his lean Chaps grew watry at the Feast,  
 In gormandizing Guts the greater Beast.  
 No more the Fleece shall for the Flesh attone,  
 Our greedy Shepherd now is wiser grown,  
 And *Pat* shall keep the harmless Sheep alone.

The harmleſs Sheep, that only wiſh to ſhare  
 The common Benefits of vital Air,  
 To feed and ſport on *Ida's* flow'ry Plain,  
 Refresh'd by Heav'n's own Bounties, Sun and Rain;  
 At Noon to cool at ſome refreshing Spring,  
 And ſweetly join Great *Pan's* juſt Praise to ſing.  
 Great *Pan*, whoſe watchful Care at once did keep  
 The unſpotted Lambs, and the unguarded Sheep,  
 Who yield their Fleeces, and their Lives to boot,  
 When their juſt *Pan* ſhall call 'em forth to do't.

The Heav'n's ſmil'd, and bleſs'd with great Increate  
 Our joyful Land, Proſperity and Peace  
 Ran down our late bemir'd Streets at Home,  
 Abroad our Arms but come and overcome.

The bliſſful \* Morn, like Yeſter † Noon, was clear,  
 Her ſweet Approach did ev'ry Mortal cheer :

*Aurora* open'd her odoriferous Door,  
 And ſcatter'd Roſes o'er the Heav'nly Floor.  
 Great *Titan* ſets his glorious Throne on high,  
 And trac'd his fiery Horſes thro' the Sky;  
 Each weeping Flower its drooping Head did raiſe,  
 And op'd its Lips to kiſs his welcome Rays.

The feather'd Herd with one Conſent did wing,  
 In charming Notes his juſter Praise to ſing,  
 Meeting at ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Spring. }

The duller human Race could ſmile to ſee  
 Their Vitals from the frozen Jelly free;  
 Determin'd in themſelves, nought could beget  
 A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.

Thus happy were we when this Wolf ſtept in,  
 And lead the hideous Herd to Blood and Sin.

For Men muſt needs grow mad, tho' none knew why,  
 Unleſs thro' pamp'ring Eaſe and Luxury.  
 So ſovereign Balms muſt needs increaſe the Sore,  
 And over-flowing Plenty make us poor.

D 2

Lately

\* The Beginning of *Queen Ann's* Reign.

† *Queen Elizabeth.*

Lately we groan'd beneath the galling Yoke,  
 Now Liberty and Ease does more provoke:  
 When Heaven rains Manna, 'tis we Hunger know,  
 Are only curs'd 'cause Blessings overflow.  
 Divisions once we wish'd should be remov'd,  
 Union and Concord now are less belov'd;  
 Rather than *Love* and *Charity* shall greet,  
 Our acting Hands shall quarrel with our Feet:  
*Egyptian* Bondage lately overthrown,  
 All Gods (save those we make) we scorn to own;  
 Our Image only in the Calf is known.

Hail! mighty, mighty Int'rest, doubly hail!  
 With Calves the Golden Calf must needs prevail,  
 'Tis like, likes like, only in this, the Gold  
 Is more illustrious, as 'tis better Mould;  
 And hence the God proceeds, if made of Clay,  
 The God's a Beast, tho' not so great as they.

Next hail the zealous Mob, for who can tell  
 But this admir'd Zeal may ever dwell  
 In this same zealous Crowd, and their S——ll?  
 Int'rest, I'm sure, will ne'er be out of Date,  
 As Want will still attend the Profligate:  
 Blood-thirsty Men will still delight in Blood,  
 And Rebels always make Rebellion good,  
 If Nouns and Passives can be understood.  
 'Tis natural, what Nature does decide,  
 The Doctor, and the Mob, are Nature's Pride:  
 The Zeal is in the Rabble still, as 'twas of old,  
 He must be guilty whom their Captain sold,  
 Their chosen *Barrabas* too uncontroll'd.  
 Great was *Diana*, then tho' no Man knew  
 Why they came there, nor whence their Fury grew;  
 All is confus'd, yet they can all agree  
 To damn the Guiltless, set the Guilty free:  
 'Twixt Beast and Beast, what Diff'rence can you find?  
 'Tis like, likes like, thro' all the savage Kind.  
 On this known Truth we'll then no longer dwell,  
 The Doctor likes the Mob, the Mob S——ll.



Transmiger'd Souls may of their Fate complain,  
 In some bemir'd Hog grunt forth their Pain,  
 But never, never can be free again. }

Where are you all, you lewd ignoble Guests,  
*False Brethren, Grindals, Burnets, Hoadleys, Wests!*  
 Of all the Sons, I know not what ye are,  
 Pretend to cant, and preach, and cannot curse and  
 (swear,

Drink loyal Healths, and loyal Canto's sing,  
 At once pray for, and plot against the King;  
 Raise up the Mob, the Government to spite,  
 Be each Man only true, and yet a *Jacobite!*

The non-resisting Principles pursue;  
 You don't refuse the King, but he refuses you!  
 Bishops and Priests, Republicans to own  
 True Church, and Persecution left alone!

Non-Residences sure you'll not deny,  
 And can't so many Steeples raise you high?  
 D'ye think the Man that cannot swear, can't plot,  
 And can you see a Brother in a *Scot?*

Pretend to Zeal, and yet grant Liberty,  
 Plead Gospel rightly, and yet set Conscience free, }  
 And Sons o'th' Church not with her Sons agree:  
 As Flesh, and Blood, and Soul makes up the Man,  
 So preaching, praying, the Republican;  
 So Non-Resistance teaches to resist,  
 Rebellion so proclaims the passive Priest.

In Infant Gods of late he took Delight,  
 The Prince! his daily Thoughts, his Dreams by  
 (Night;

And mighty Anthems his perpetual Note,  
 To Coat of Freeze, and holy Milk of Goat.

But ah! what Stars attend the Just and Good!  
 This *Brittish* God not knowing what he did,  
 Directed merely by the Hand of Chance,  
 Bepisd his Nurse, and so was sent to *France*:  
 No sooner there, but we may all resist  
 Gods that we make, we make but as we list;

Int'rest

Int'rest dissolve the Bonds, and to be sure  
There's no Obedience due to Gods that have no Pow'r.

The Teacher, and the Taught, make always two,  
The loyal Non-Resisters, Sufferers you  
By Sword in Hand, the loyal Height is known  
Obedient still to Kings — that are their own;  
But if our Kings from Blood and Rapine keep,  
These are not Kings for Wolves, but Kings for Sheep.

Hence 'twas, that this insatiate Beast of Prey,  
Swoll'n big with Malice, in Revenge grown grey,  
With poyson'd Blood boiling thro' all his Veins,  
(Of's late Humanity without Remains)  
Of all the hideous Kind, most noted stood,  
With glaring Eyes, amidst the grinning Brood,  
Roaring out Blasphemies, and bleating Blood.

*Amen* is eccho'd thro' the Wolfish Sky,  
Wolves can't be safe, whilst Shepherds multiply;  
And mighty Herds of Wolves are henceforth seen,  
Destroy the Subject, to secure the Queen!

Thus those sweet Beams, that with such Blifs did  
(flow,

Hugg'd in their Bosom the benighting Foe;  
Noisome *Effluvia* suck'd from ev'ry Lake,  
Scum of the Earth, and like its self opaque.  
These clubb'd, and soon prodigious Armies form  
Of teeming Clouds, our fleeting Joys to storm.  
The burthen'd Heavens of their Load complain,  
Groaning in Thunder, weeping Show'rs of Rain;  
Whilst forked Light'ning our Amazements urge,  
And Bolts red hissing come from *Vulcan's* Forge.

Tumultuous Ruin now, and irksome Night  
Invades the Day, the Day so lately bright:  
No gladsome Signs, but here and there a Ray,  
That lost its self in seeking out the Day.  
Here blasted Blooms leave the declining Tree,  
Scarcely the Leaves, nor could the Trunk be free;  
Here lay a Rose, and there a Tulip lay,  
One half in balmy Sweats, the other Clay.

Th' Almighty now in Peals of Thunder spake,  
 Fear not, my little Flock, nor me forsake;  
 I'll plead my Cause my self against them all,  
 And make 'em know my Church shall never fall;  
 Against these Sots I'll whet my Arrows keen,  
 That thus abuse my Mercy and my Queen.

The Wolves retire into their Dens again,  
 And fret, and grin, and howl, and rave in vain.  
 The Sun retrieves his late bewilder'd Rays,  
 And we enjoy our wish'd-for *Halcyon Days*.

*An Epigram on Dan. de F——.*

TO speak the Truth, is criminal now,  
 Whilst vilify'd by such as thou;  
 Who hast the Policy of Devil,  
 An Head to work the Nation's Evil;  
 Detatcht from Hell, thou did'st commence  
 Thy daring Pride and Impudence,  
 To set up for a *Moderator*,  
 (With thy dear Brother *Observer*.)  
 And a *Reformer*, to suppress  
 Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenness,  
 Yet dost encrease, not make 'em less;  
 For who'd reform his Life and Lewdness  
 By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeness,  
 Without Commission; or if thou  
 Hast any, 't came from Hell below.  
 And sure, if Honour 'tis to be  
 Endow'd with *bellish Policy*,  
 Thou hast enough, too much we see.  
 Whereby thou do'st the Croud delude,  
 The poor unthinking Multitude;  
 And so the modish Names commence,  
 A Man of Parts, a Man of Sense!

This

This is the Man (read it who list)  
 As great a Knave as ever p——t;  
 Who yet, to cloak his *Knavery*,  
 (Still Presbyterian Policy)  
 Pretends to be Truth's Advocate,  
 Tho' none has less, than he, of that.  
 And so his Notions fly about,  
 Some entertain, some cast 'em out;  
 As only fit for the Rabble Rout.  
 He thinks he's mighty honest, when  
 He tells the Faults of other Men;  
 And rails against the Government;  
 For Errors in Mismanagement;  
 But 'tis the Effect of Discontent,  
 And knavish Partiality.  
 For those who of his Party be,  
 Are prais'd by him, carest, commended,  
 And in their greatest Faults defended;  
 Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,  
 Who've always wish'd the Nation well,  
 Are said to *car' on very Hell*.  
 His Notions of our Constitution,  
 And the happy Revolution,  
 Are false, absurd; for to impute  
 Resistance (any ways) unto't,  
 Is reflecting on the same,  
 And the late King's glorious Name;  
 Who, in his publish'd Declaration,  
 Disclaimed the least Imputation  
 Of Resistance; but such Fools,  
 Such self-conceited wretched Tools,  
 The grand Incendaries of the Age,  
 Dare boldly with the Truth engage;  
 Despise Authorities, and charge  
 Their own curs'd Principles, at large  
 On th' Church of England, and derive  
 Their Guilt on it; and so contrive,



If possible, its Dissolution,  
 And infringe our Constitution.  
 But may Heav'n check their Impudence,  
 And curb their Pride and Insolence;  
 Make their own Lies and Curfes, all,  
 To their Confusion, on 'em fall;  
 And cut off their infestious Race,  
 That so contin'al Scenes of Peace  
 And Unity, may e're abound,  
 And our distressed Land surround.

---

*The Rary-Show, lately brought from the flaming  
 Isle of Moderation, all alive.*

GOOD People all, both Low and High,  
 G Unto my Rary-show draw nigh;  
 For 'tis a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty,  
 Nor long, nor short, nor dull, nor witty.  
 It has no Beginning, and has no End;  
 'Tis crooked all over, yet cannot bend;  
 'Tis strait, in a Lump, without Tail or Top;  
 'Tis full of all Points, yet has no Stop;  
 'Tis a mingle Comepur of all together,  
 And fitted for fair, or for foul Weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your Places,  
 And ye pale Nymphs, with fiery Faces;  
 Within this Booth you have in view,  
 A black white Monster cloath'd in blew.  
 He's neither wild, nor is he tame,  
 From *Moderation* Isle he came.  
 In foreign Court he hath been shown  
 With great Applause, yet lik'd by none;  
 On Horseback, with his Staff in Hand,  
 He walk'd from *Dort* to *Switzerland*;

Did *Calvin* at *Geneve* profess,  
 And when at *Rome*, did say the *Mass*.  
 No *Nazarite*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*;  
 Of ev'ry fort that comes in view.  
 He holds all *Creeds*, and none at all;  
 He worships *God*, and bows to *Baal*.  
 With all, and none, he stuffs his *Pack*,  
 And carr's and brings the *Devil* back;  
 And if you'd know his *Name*, 'tis *G—— S——y*,  
 Of bending *Brow*, and pinking *Eye*;  
 He's neither young, nor is he old;  
 He bauls all *Day*, yet cannot scold;  
 He speaks no *Truth*, yet tells no *Lie*,  
 He hath *Reserves* for *Perjury*.  
 A *Champion* for the *Church's Cause*,  
 Yet ties her *Rite* to human *Laws*;  
 Postpones the *Princes Birth* divine,  
 And equals *Noll's* to *Stewart's Line*.  
 With *Courage bold*, as I have heard,  
 He lately took *St. F——l by's Beard*;  
 And, whatsoe'er he talk'd before,  
 In *Pulpits*, or to *Courts* had swore,  
 (As teaching *Subjects* to obey)  
 His *Revolution* took away!  
 For in a long compendious *Speech*,  
 (With which he might have wip'd his *Br——h*)  
 He *Cases* and *Distinctions* found,  
 Which *Ages* past laid under *Ground*;  
 That if *Q—— A——* rules not well,  
 Then, in such *Case*, we may rebel.  
 Next on the *Dervises* did fall,  
 And *Hip* and *Thigh* he did 'em maul;  
 No *Atheist*, *Jew*, or scoffing *Turk*,  
 But would have scorn'd so vile a *Work*;  
 Not *Julian*, nor *Calvinian Foes*,  
 Could more the *Christian Priests* expose.  
 All this he rav'd! and more than this,  
 At which, they say, the *Court* did hiss:

But least you doubt what's said, is true,  
Pray ask himself, he comes in view.

*On Dr. Sacheverell's Eye-water, lately printed.*

**H**ere is to be sold, the true Water of Light,  
To open your Eyes, and to quicken your Sight;  
Sacheverell's the Fountain from whence it does flow,  
And discovers to whom our Allegiance we owe.  
If you are not besotted, 'tis plain by his Sermons,  
That you ought to be passive to the Prince of St. Ger-  
(mains;  
Tho' you have been decoy'd by the damn'd Revo-  
(lution,  
To submit to the W—gs, and their old Constitution;  
Yet I hope now the Doctor has shew'd you your Crime,  
That for Hereditary Right you'll appear, while 'tis  
(time,  
To atone for the Sins of your former Resistance,  
Or else you'll be damn'd without Help or Assistance:  
For the great B. B——l, if you'll go to his School,  
Has prov'd that a W——n deserves not to rule;  
Away with false Brethren, and false Sisters too,  
To the Devil and his Angels, with the Schismatick  
(Crew;  
To see their Friend William, whose Reward was old  
(Sorrel,  
Ought to have been dewitted, but not crown'd with  
(Lawrel,  
Then old Mother Church will again be restor'd,  
And being quite out of Danger, by all be ador'd,

*The Age of Riddles :*

O R,

*A true List of certain extraordinary Positions, formerly call'd Contradictions, but now distinguish'd by no Names at all. Faithfully extracted from several Modern Doctrines and Practices.*

*Qui Color est Albus nunc est Contrarius Albo.*

I. **A**LL Government is overturn'd, by Obedience, and establish'd by being resisted. Therefore,  
 II. The most eminent Instance of Loyalty, is, to condemn Subjection; and he is the greatest Rebel that preaches against Rebellion.

III. Those are a Prince's best Subjects, and most faithful Ministers, who deny his Title to the Crown before his Face; and argue against that Right which they are bound by their Office and their Oaths to defend.

IV. The worst Cause in the World ought to have the worst Managers; and those are fittest to censure other Peoples Speeches, that can't read their own.

V. A C——h must necessarily be in a safe and flourishing Condition, when B——ps explode its Doctrines, and Lawyers are forc'd to defend 'em.

VI. They that know nothing of the Laws of the Land, or act and plead in direct Opposition to 'em, either are already At—— and Sol——rs Gen——l, or ought to be made L——d Ch——f J——ces.

VII. Those are the most proper Persons to accuse others of High Crimes and Misdemeanors, who for their Speeches in that very Accusation, ought themselves to be hang'd for High Treason.

VIII.



VIII. Ignorance, Rudeness, Impudence, Dulness, and Nonsense, are undoubted Proofs of Wit, Learning, and good Manners; and the most virulent Slander, Railing, Rage, Malice, Lying, and Injustice, are the truest Signs of Christian Charity, Temper, and Moderation.

IX. When a Man is condemn'd and punish'd as a Criminal, his Friends ought to testify their Concern by Bonfires and Illuminations.

X. Those are the greatest Enemies to arbitrary Power, who, of all Mankind, best love to exercise it; and they are the most zealous Defenders of the Liberty and Property of their Fellow-Subjects, who are for destroying both, either without Law, or contrary to Law.

XI. 'Tis the Duty of the Sons of Arch-bishops, to impeach the Church; of Bishops, to vote a Clergyman guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors, for preaching those Doctrines which Christ and his Apostles, and even they themselves have preach'd; of Scotch Peers, to save a Church of England Divine from Ruin; of Presbyterians, to pull down Meeting-Houses; of Governors, to encourage the Principles of Disobedience; and of the Mob, to rebel in Defence of Loyalty.

*We have got at last, when no Body thought it.*

Certainly never did the moderate Party more strive to abuse and destroy the High-C——h, than they did at the late Tryal of Dr. Sacheverell; and yet, though they spit their Venom, and wrack their very Souls for Inventions and Lies to blacken them, and, as it were, to ruin their Credits and Reputations to all Intents and Purposes, yet, High-C——h has got it at last.

But

But least you may perchance forget what they have said, writ, and done, give me Leave a little to remind you. — And first of all, Mr. d' Foe, the Champion for the Cause and Party, begins very modestly, after his peaceful Temper; *This Week, say he, we have the Prelude to the High-Church Affairs, and the Essay has been made on the Mob.* — The Doctor, in his passing and repassing, has been buzz'd in the Rabble, which is to be artfully improv'd. Review Vol. VI. Numb. 141. Now, observe, this was done with Design to make the Doctor look odious in the Sight of the Parliament; and yet, after all, the High-C—b has got it at last.

Secondly, Numb. 562. *This huzzaiing has made the Doctor so popular, that the Ladies begin to talk of falling in Love with him.* — That's more, I presume, than the Low-Church will do; and the High-Churchers envy him the Glory of his Sufferings: Who envy'd the Sufferings of your Saints in the West? Tell me that if you can. — Nay, they have done all they can to make the House of Commons take Notice of them, yet can't do it for their Lives. Good Reason why, the Doctor was to be made a President, and they were afraid to take too much upon them at a Time, for Fear of the worst. And yet for all that, the High-C—b has got it at last.

Thirdly, Ibidem. D' Foe says, *If the Lords bring him in guilty, the House of Commons can't tell what Punishment to inflict on him.* — And makes a Scotch Member to find out and push forward the Punishment, which the Party would willingly come at; that is, *Unfrocking him*, as they call it; but in downright English, is stripping his Gown over his Ears. And yet, after all this mighty Bustle, the High-C—b has got it at last.

Fourthly, Ibidem. Fol. 563. 'Tis farther urg'd, *that Non-Resistance be a notorious Cheat, (as the Low-Church would have it) a State-Error, a Tool of Tyranny, and*

*Fraud hatch'd by the Devil, to impose upon and delude mankind, then the Doctor must be cast and condemn'd; and whether he be unfrock'd or no, that must be left to the Lords Determination. — Which any one may see was the intended Design and Aim of the Party. And yet, for all that, High-C——b has got it at last.*

*Fifthly, Vol. VI. Fol. 565. Now, do but observe how the Spleen of the Low-C——b Party does begin to rise. — Well, well, (says Mr. Review) Gentlemen, the Physick works, as if High-C——b had taken a fanatical Purge. — Let us know what Name to call it by: Is it Rebellion to defend a Non-Resistance Rabble and Mob, by Way of Passive-Obedience and Resistance? Yet, after a long Catalogue of Low-C——b Invectives against High-Church, she has got it at last*

*Ibidem. As for Dr. Sacheverell, honest good Man, he can have no Hand in this Matter, unless God has forsaken him, and his Senses too. — Thus you may see how the Faction animate the Houses, and the Queen and Government too. And yet, for all this, High-C——b has got it at last.*

*Ibidem. Well, at last he concludes, (when he can't fix it upon any Person) that let who will be in it, who will be for it, or whatever be the Occasion, the Fact is true, and it stands upon Record, that the Rabble being encourag'd for two or three Days together by the Doctor or his Friends, (observe that) they went directly to the Meeting-Houses, and pluck'd them down, and burnt them: Besides, they broke open Mr. Burges's and Mr. Eeles Houses, and took from thence, or destroy'd their Goods and Books, and with much ado was prevented from burning one of their Houses. — Now, pray was not this the ready Way to dewit Men first before a legal Conviction? And upon the whole, where is the Doctor or his Friends found guilty, or so much as question'd about the Fact? And of all this great Rabble, there were but three try'd for it, and yet nothing prov'd that the Doctor or his Friends set them to Work. 'Tis true, there is one acquitted,*

acquitted, and one condemn'd; and perhaps the Be-  
 ley is found guilty of the Fact, and the Low Church  
 striving all they can to bring him in guilty of high  
 Treason, that was only prov'd to be there after the  
 Pews was set on Fire; but how many were there  
 that were actually taken, that were *Presbyterians*  
 with the Boards in their Hand, carrying them to  
 the Fire, and in their Way knock'd some down that  
 would not cry out, *High Church and Sacheverell*? But  
 these, it seems, are to be screen'd, that the Odium  
 thereof mayn't fall upon the *Dissenters* in general.  
 There was a Time that 1000 l. a-piece were offer'd  
 to bail them, was refus'd at first, but upon second  
 Consideration, they were admitted, and to what End  
 and Purpose the Parliament will be made sensible to  
 in Time; and certainly then these must needs be  
 guilty of *high Treason*, if any be. But upon the  
 whole, the great Charge upon the *high-flying Party*  
 vanish'd; and to conclude, the *High Church* has  
 got it at last.

*On the present Debates about Religion.*

I Wonder what these nice Distinctions mean,  
 'Tween zealous High-Church, and proud Low  
 (Church-men)

When we shall all at God's just Bar appear,  
 Think you, he'll ask us of what Church we are?  
 No, no: Let then this foolish Diff'rence rest,  
 They're of the truest Church, that live the best.

